

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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941.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"SURELY there is a certain foreboding, or presentiment, that sometimes takes possession of the human mind, before any unexpected affliction falls, which reason can neither account for nor subdue.—It pervaded my saddened bosom in these moments; and unconsciously why, grasping the arm of the still motionless Annette, I cried,—‘My mother! my mother!’”

“Is dead!” at length exclaimed the poor attached domestic, recovering speech, and bursting into tears—“and now, now pray be quick and separate, for my Lord, your father, is calling for you, and coming here!”

“My lover still retained enough of recollection, to have fears for my safety, though he was destitute of the means of concealing our designs—which were indeed too obvious at the moment, for I was in my riding dress, and two small trunks packed ready for travelling, stood on the floor beside us.

“In the agony of thought which overwhelmed my senses, I was incapable of action.—I stood bewildered and aghast; nor could the tenderest efforts of my beloved Deloraine awake me from the heavy lethargy of anguish in which I was plunged by the fatal intelligence I had heard.—But he was at hand, the thunder of whose terrific voice might have alarmed the slumbers of the grave itself, the destroyer of my peace, the murderer of my repose—my father, my ruthless father was at hand!

“I was leaning on the bosom of my lover when he approached, his arms encircling my waist, and his eyes fixed fondly and despairingly on my face. I myself could neither speak nor move; but insensibility would have been a blessing, and that was denied me,—for I beheld and knew my father, and instead of attempting to escape from the expected torrent of his rage, or even to deprecate his vengeance, I clung with convulsive grasps yet closer to the heart of my sustaining friend.

“To describe the pale and horrid expression of his gloomy visage as he surveyed us is impossible,—his starting eyeballs gleamed with darkened fire—his whitened lips were parched and quivering, and his whole frame shivered in convulsions.—He clenched his hands, and as he pressed them agonized to his burning temples, he spoke.

“Saviour of the world!” he shrieked, “is—this her curse?—Poor, poor wretch, she rises from the dead to blast me!—My child!—my child!—Euphemia!”

“Here his utterance failed, he gasped for breath, and as his features grew sadder than I had ever seen them, his eyes closed, and groaning deeply, he sunk apparently lifeless at our feet.

“Proud, severe, and unnatural as my father’s conduct had ever been towards my angelic mother, I imagined that grief and regret, blending

with remorse on her beatitude having commenced so suddenly, had caused a temporary derangement of his mental faculties; and during their suspension, though it was the prayer of Deloraine to take advantage of circumstances which might never occur again, and proceed to England, I could not. Something impelled me to stay—I could not leave the sacred relics of my mother while uninterred; nor even forsake my father, inextinguishable to me as he was, while on the bed of sickness and suffering.

“Alas! I am the victim of upright motives!—I owe the ruin of my peace, not to the commission of wrong, but to my firm undeviating adherence to right,—therefore is the motto of my misery,—‘Dark and most inscrutable are the ways of Heaven!’”

“From some ancient domestics in the family I learned that my dear mother, from motives of tenderness, had concealed from me the perfect knowledge she had herself that her death was approaching; and from that sad conviction, most likely she had urged expedition in my departure with Deloraine. But her maternal cares and kind designs were overruled by a Power, humanity must learn to reverence, without investigation of its purposes; she was taken off before the completion of her wishes, by the third attack of an apoplexy coming suddenly upon her, without even the warning of a moment,—she was taken before she could offer a prayer for her poor child, who was left surrounded with perils, and immersed in horrors!

“During the confusion caused by her sudden death, and the dangerous illness of my father, my brother, without any intimation of his design, took an abrupt leave of the family. He was soon disgusted with the gloom attendant on death, and impatient of the stillness necessary in the abode of sickness,—the finer feelings of nature having never been cherished in his breast, unlimited indulgence had rather deadened than given them energy; and knowing his consequence with his father, he gave himself little trouble to assume an appearance of filial solicitude which he did not feel, but absolutely joined a gay party, who proposed an excursion to the banks of the Garonne.

“His departure gave me little pain; but I had to endure another separation.—My Deloraine belonged to the English army, and war being publicly declared, he received orders to join his regiment without a moment’s delay. Still we did not marry,—my mother’s recent death, my father’s condition, duty, decency, all were severally offered as pleas for deferring the ceremony until a happier season; yet we solemnly plighted inviolable faith to each other, in presence of witnesses, and, with our hearts bursting with anguish, we separated, and, alas! for ever.

“I had given him the most fervid assurances, that no severity nor suffering should compel me to renounce him or the world, by taking on me the monastic vows; and indeed I as fondly, as falsely, indulged a hope that my father on his recovery would be more moderate and just, and allow me the privileges of nature. I knew I could now make a splendid appearance in the world, an appearance becoming even the

illustrious house of Bournonville, and that without impoverishing the heir, or diminishing his consequence; it was not then unreasonable to suppose, that he would no longer urge me to embrace a life, for which every succeeding day increased my horror and repugnance.

“Through the medium of an English over-church, high in the esteem and confidence of Deloraine, I had received one letter, full of the tenderest protestations and happiest hopes, much about the time that my father was able to leave his bed, and converse coherently; this as it gave serenity to my mind, gave composure to my actions, and dressed my face with the smile of contentment and peace.

“I now watched my father’s looks and wishes with unremitting care, and devoted my whole time to his comfort and convenience. To my mother’s death he appeared resigned, though melancholy would cloud his brow whenever her name was casually mentioned. My brother’s desertion in the hours of danger and distress, had a contrary, and less salutary effect, both on his health and spirits, for the very thought seemed to awake all the stormy passions of his impetuous nature; and with deep and bitter groans, he would deprecate alike his own former injustice, and his ingratitude.

“To me he had become uniformly kind and indulgent, promising to guard my happiness and interests, with the same paternal solicitude which he had done my ungrateful brother’s; whom he declared should now live a stranger to his afflictions, nor possess more of his vast accumulated wealth, than what was necessary to support his dignity, and the consequence of the heir of Bournonville.

“With an apparent tenderness, and an emotion, which my unpracticed heart could not suppose to be affected, he questioned me respecting the engaging English stranger, as he generally called Deloraine; and I, with all the natural openness of my disposition, confessed the power and undivided empire he had obtained over my affections.

“Methought, as I spoke, that his cheek wore a whiter hue, and that a certain wildness glared in his smoken eye, yet he calmly replied,—

“Euphemia did wrong to give away her heart without a father’s sanction, and to a stranger!”

“He paused,—

“That would have broken my heart,—it is almost broke already.—Will you break it quite, Euphemia quite?—Your brother—O, God! O, God! what is this?”

“My father, my poor father,” I cried, “let my duty soothe you, let my love sustain you;—my heart is warm, and can expand to all the social and endearing ties of nature.—No feeling towards my Deloraine shall interfere, or weaken what I owe my parent.—No, no, my Lord, my father, no! together we will wait upon you, watch your looks, and prevent your wishes.—O, then be kind and bless me!—Accept my Deloraine for your son—”

“My son—”

“He could say no more,—every feature grew fixed, and a dreadful unuttered something glared in his uplifted eyes; I pressed my lips to his cold tense cheek, and rubbed his convulsed

hands, and as my burning tears fell in torrents on his ghastly face, recollection returned, and he was, by my continued efforts, soon able to articulate.

"Be not dismayed, my child," said he, "it was your tenderness, only that—that overcame my feebleness; and when I compare it with your brother's conduct it shakes the debilitated powers of my mind, but as I gain strength these paroxysms will, I doubt not, subside, and at length leave me altogether.—Your lover, young Deloraine—" It was fancy, else his voice altered, and his colour varied as he named him. "The young man, I say, has all the attributes of pleasing, and I do not wonder that a youthful heart was captivated; and though he serves a monarch who is the natural enemy of France, and though his faith is different to our's, and though he is not nobly born—" Here again methought his voice faltered, "And lastly though he would have stole you from your father's house,"—He groaned but instantly resumed, "Here I swear to you, not all these barriers united shall influence me, or obstruct your union, and for this my acquiescence to your wishes, only promise me, Euphema—" "My head grew giddy, and my blood ran cold within my veins,"—What?—promise what, my father?"

"Only, that if living, I shall be present at your nuptials."

"There was a dark unuttered meaning in his tones, and a mysteriousness in his look, as he spoke, that though the words were comfort to my ear, they gave a chill foreboding that curdled the drops about my heart;—yet, penetrated by the kindness and condescension I never could have expected, I fell on my knees and bathed his hands with my tears, I blessed his goodness, and promised all that he desired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SOLILOQUY.

If ever I marry let it be to a man that I can prefer to all the sex, besides it must be a union of hearts, not of hands alone, there must be but one repository for our griefs or our pleasure to flow in. I would wish to always welcome him with a smile, let what will ruffle my temper, in his absence, and neither in word, or deed, so contrary to his wishes: no sigh should escape his tender bosom, without being returned, by my fond and feeling heart. My chief study should be to smooth his cares, and prove like the balm of Gilead to his wounded mind, while agitated with various passions. By this behaviour I should convince him, that I sighed not for splendour, but that a desert would be agreeable while blest with the companion of my love.

ANECDOTE.

MALEK, vizier of the calif Mostadi, having gained a considerable victory of the greeks, took their emperor prisoner. Having caused him to be brought before him in his tent, he asked him what treatment he expected from his conqueror. "If you go to war as a king," (replied he,) send me back to my dominions, if as a merchant, name my ransom; if as a butcher, cut my throat." He was immediately sent back without ransom.

REMAK—MANY men mistake the love for the practice of virtue, and are not so much good men as the friends of goodness.

GRIEF.

Perfect grief shuns ostentation as sedulously as genuine piety.—The wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze on its sacred board of treasured woe; but never sounds a trumpet before it in the streets. A true child of affliction wrote the following lines.

Come smiles, come gay attire, and hide
The anguish ranking in my breast;
I'll lay my sable garb aside,
And seem to cold enquirers blest.
Yes—I will happy triflers join,
And when Grief's dart beside me flew,
And peace and all its joys were mine,
And sorrow but by name I knew:
Ere death had seal'd the cruel doom,
And call'd thee, "to the tomb."
Hard was the stroke, but oh! I hate
The sacred pomp of grief to shew;
Thro'ud in my breast, in secret state,
Shall live the rev'rend form of woe;
For observation would degrade
The homage to her empire paid.
I hate the tear which pity gives;
I'm jealous of her curious eye:
The only balm of heart receives
Is from my own unheeded sigh.—
When veild in night, to sleep a foe,
I bend before the throne of woe,
A face of smile, a heart of tears:—
So in the church-yard realm of death,
The turf increasing verdure wears,
While all is pale and dead beneath.

DESCRIPTIVE LINES.

WRITTEN IN A STORM.

Hark! 'tis the cry of some poor fisherman!
His drifting boat bounds o'er the darkling tide,
And leaves him to destruction and despair.
Fast round him the swell'd ocean's furious surge
Pours its accumulating flow; and night
Has spread her curtain o'er the roaring flood:
In vain he looks for help; no venturous boat
On such a night, dares spread its sail.
Aghast he stands; th' unceremonious tide
Now at his feet its foaming menace throws;
And closing round, on either side, the sea
Rolls its tremendous stream; hemm'd in he stands,
And fearful turns his wat'ry eyes around
The world of waters.
The sinking sands anticipate his fate,
And treacherous, 'neath his feet, deceitful yield.
The raynouses rolls on with ten-fold force,
And claims him as its prey; while he swims,
Till dash'd impetuous by succeeding waves,
He sinks—to rise no more!
The ebbing tide shall leave him on the beach,
And mournful curls, flut'ring round his corpse,
Shall cry a sailor's requiem to his soul.
Half buried in the sands, with eye unclos'd
And dimly upwards turn'd, as tho' to Heav'n
His latest look was given, prone he reclines;
While homewards to the deep, the roaring flood,
As tho' relenting rolls.

LOVE AND FOLLY

LOVE and FOLLY was at play,
But too wanton to be wise;
They fell out, and in a fray,
Folly put out Cupid's eye.

Straight the criminal was tryed,
Had his punishment assign'd;
Folly should to Love be tyed,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.

EPIGRAM.

FIRST in the grape the wine's red hue,
Next in the bottle blows;
But last, and most, and longest top,
O Bacchus, on thy nose.

THE MAN OF FORTY-THOUSAND

FRANKS.

A Provincial Footman put into the Lottery of St. Sulpice, gained a prize of 40,000 livres, took leave of his master and came to Paris not to put out his money to any advantage, but to spend it. He hired a superb hotel, purchased horses and a carriage, clothed his domestics in a superb livery, played high, and kept an excellent table. He was universally feasted and entertained; and every where in the best houses, nothing was talked of but the generous stranger. Stranger indeed! He was known by nobody.—Generous too, for he had his purse full of money, and paid every account that was presented to him; but so freely did he disburse and pay, that at the end of the year he had nothing left. At last he announced that he would dine at home, and at two o'clock precisely. Two o'clock strikes, dinner is served, no guest appears. He calls up his coachman, his lacquies, his cook and his valet-de-chambre. He makes a signal for them to sit down at table with him. They are at first astonished, and then start difficulties in complying; he insists, they obey; they eat, and when the champain begins to establish familiarity, he says to them, "My comrades, you have thought me a great man, I am only a valet like yourselves. I gained a prize of forty thousand Franks; I have expended it; I have nothing more; I go to resume my livery, adieu!" This said he got into a diligence, and arrives at the house of his old master, who is delighted at seeing him again. "I expect to hear that you have laid out your money well," said he to him: "Very well, for I have eaten it!"—"Eaten?"—Yes, and that in the space of a year—I wished to see what was the life of a man who has 40 thousand livres a year—I have done almost every thing they do—I have procured all their enjoyments!"—"Is it really so?"—Really, there is nothing wonderful in that—behold me satisfied; I should be so much the better, if you will take me into your service."—"Very willingly, if your experiment has ended you of the desire of riches."

GENUINE BULL.

A gentleman of taste, lately fitted up a house in a stile of great elegance. On showing it, however, to a friend, the latter objected to the thinness of the partitions which divided the rooms from each other, observing that all that was said in one room might be overheard in the next. To this the owner replied, that he would immediately try the validity of the objection, by an experiment which could not fail. He accordingly called his servant Patrick, and directed him to go into the next room, to carefully shut the doors, and then listen in order to ascertain if he could distinguish any word spoken in the room where his master remained. When the master thought that Pat was properly stationed he called out to him loudly, "Do you hear me?" Pat immediately answered as loudly, "No, Sir."

ANECDOTE.

A biography of Robespierre has appeared in an Irish paper, which concludes: *This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time.*

THE ODDS.

The bright bewitching Mary's eyes
A thousand hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who, if you ever design
To make me happy, must undo
999!

A SKETCH.

METHOUGHT I heard a voice harsher than the hideous bird of night, when, perched on some neighbouring yew-tree, she fills the air with her inauspicious cries—again, the same shrill accents strike my ear—they swell still louder—What a torrent of fury and violence! What effusions of impudent calumny, and diabolical malice! What a strain of virulent invective, of horrid exclamation!—Whence are these frantic ravings? A Woman—Impossible! rather some power of darkness, who assumes that gentle form to poison the joys of domestic life with impunity. The attributes of woman are modesty, discretion and heavenly softness; whoever wants these feminine virtues, though she may wear the garb, and claim the protection of her sex, is not woman—she belongs to the family of the Furies.

From London Papers.

Attempt at Suicide.—Between seven and eight o'clock on Monday evening, April 1, a woman, upwards of 60, was observed to throw herself, in a most deliberate manner, out of the two pair of stairs window of Mr. Blewitt's, hatter, New Inn passage. Several persons who observed her make the attempt, ran to her apartment, and tried to open it, on which she exclaimed, "I must go!" and instantly dropped into the court upon the arms of two men, who broke her fall. Her legs were supposed to be broken, and she was conveyed to St. Clement's work-house; it, however, appeared yesterday, that she has sustained no other injury than a few scratches. It appears she is an eccentric character, and subject to intervals of mental derangement. Her pursuits during nine years abode at Mr. Blewitt's house have been singularly striking: no visitant was ever admitted into her apartment, which constantly kept locked; and abstinence and penury were so firmly ingrafted in her disposition, than though she possessed the means, she denied herself the common necessities of life, appearing a picture of famine. A scanty portion of vegetables, rice, and milk, were her only support, & her conversation was constantly directed towards the extravagance of eating and drinking. Her clothes have seen many summers, and her petticoats are curiously worked in borders, within which are sewed written papers, but the nature of them is not known, as she was not subject to any investigation of this needful work. A quantity of silver coin, which time had rendered black, we found hoarded up in her apartment, also several guineas, half-guineas, &c. with a miniature picture, and other valuable articles, which her way of living did not bespeak her to possess.

Some time since, a poor country-man, went into a shop in Oxford road to buy some linen, and offered a guinea to change, which wanted one shilling and nine-pence of the weight; the

shop-keeper immediately, without saying any thing to the man, took a pair of scissors and clipped it, and gave it back to the country-man, who stood for some time amazed at the brutality of the shop-keeper; at last, exasperated to see his money spoilt, he snatched up the scissors and clipped the first joint of the shop-keeper's fore-finger off, and ran out of the shop.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 44 persons (of whom 23 were men, 6 women, 9 boys, and 6 girls) during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, cholera 1, consumption 9, convulsions 7, debility 4, decay 2, dropsy in the head 2, typhus fever 1, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the brain 1, old age 2, palsy 1, pleurisy 2, sore throat 1, still born 2, and 1 of syphilis.

On Friday afternoon, about 5 o'clock a large boat, belonging to the Old Ferry, laden with flour, coming from the Fly-market sunk in the middle of the river. There were six persons on board, who were picked up by boats which put off to their assistance. The accident was occasioned by the flour being stowed too much towards the bow of the boat.

On Sunday night, 8th inst. the dwelling house of the Rev. Mr. Stout, of Minot, was consumed by fire, together with all his household furniture, provisions, &c. and a melancholy relation, a son of Mr. Scott, about 13 years of age, perished in the flames; one other son, about 14 years old, escaped by jumping out of a chamber window. The family were much frozen before they reached any of the dwellings of their neighbors.

Newark, Feb. 24.—It is our duty to record another distressing and alarming fire, which happened in this Town early in the morning of Saturday last. The fire commenced (whether by design or accident cannot at present be ascertained) in the back part of the dwelling of Mr. Israel Beach, and quickly communicated to the front of the building, occupied by Messrs. Beach and Vanderpool, as a store of oils, paints and groceries, which, with nearly all its contents, fell a prey to the devouring elements. A small building adjoining, occupied by Mr. Benjamin Baldwin, was also burnt; and the house of Mr. Samuel Nutman was frequently on fire, but was rescued by the persevering activity of the citizens assembled. Providentially the wind was calm, and from north west; had it blown fresh from the north, in all probability the whole block would have been reduced to a heap of ruins. Unhappily however a girl of about ten years of age, who lived in Mr. Beach's family, was burnt to death, and her remains collected from the ruins the same morning after day light. The rest of the family narrowly escaped; some being singed with the flames, and others escaping with only their night apparel on.

By this calamitous event, Messrs. Beach and Vanderpool have become great sufferers; their loss is estimated at more than 8000 dollars.

FOR SALE.

Cheap, with or without her Child, ten years time of a young active Mulatto Woman. She is perfectly sober, honest, and good tempered. Sold for no fault. enquire of the printer.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen, RAGS at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

How blest the alliance where no interest rules,
The bane of bliss and consort of fools;
Where love its full unmingled joys displays,
And reason dictates, while the heart obeys.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Truman Bishop, the Rev. Seth Crowell, of this city, to Miss Rachel Stuart, of Sedding, Connecticut.

On Monday, at Flushing, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Samuel V. P. Child, to Miss Frances W. Jones, both of this city.

At Baltimore, by the Rev. Dr. Bend, John R. Murray, Esq. of this city, to Miss Harriet Rogers, daughter of Col. Rogers.

A few days ago, at Fowstone, near Otley, Mr. John Seatrice, to Miss Harrison, both of that Parish. There never was a match of more equal fortunes. The parents of each gave them 50lbs. weight of beef, and a lime kiln full of potatoes.

At Flushing, L. I. on Tuesday, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. James Bloodgood, to Miss H. Birdsall, of that place.

Whenever a comely youth and blooming fair
To Hymen's happy temple now repair,
The mutual vow which binds each dating heart,
Declares their love shall last 'till Death them part.

MORTALITY.

PALE Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of splendid halls and hovels of the poor.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Monday evening, Mr. Morris Woodruff, of Brooklyn.

At New-Orleans, on the 22d ult. Gulian M'Evers, Esq. of the house of C. & G. M'Evers, of this city, merchant.

DANCING.

The Academy at No. 13 Beekman-street, is now open for the admission of pupils. Hours of attendance, in the afternoon for children, and in the evening for grown persons.

Private Lessons.—As the advertiser resides at the above place, he has it in his power, at almost any hour of the day or evening, to attend on Ladies & Gentlemen, who, not having had an opportunity, in early life, to acquire the now so fashionable accomplishment of dancing, would wish to learn, having every necessary accommodation for the purpose of private instruction, by which persons of tolerable capacity may, in a very short time, be enabled to dance with propriety at balls or assemblies.

Public practising every Wednesday evening.

A course of French has also begun at said place, to which a few more select pupils may be admitted provided application be made during the ensuing fortnight. All persons desirous of being attended at their houses, to be instructed in either French or Dancing, M. Ignace C. Fraiser, offers his services.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York. Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

929—tf.

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his professional and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes, on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 tf.

COURT OF APOLLO.

LYING.

I do confess, in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving!
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!

Oh no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We're swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you;
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bonds endure!
And whilst he lies, his heart is yours:
But oh! you've wholly lost the youth,
The moment that he tells you truth!

CANZONET.

LADY! not for her we sigh,
Loving only fashion's dye,
And her charms to every eye
Revealing:

But we love the bashful maid,
In sweet modesty array'd,
All her beauties 'neath its shade
Concealing:

Lady! when, with graceful ease,
You would deck your bosom fair,
Or your wanton-flowing hair,
With roses—

Ah! you throw the flow'r away,
Which, open, glares upon the day:
The modest bud more sweets, you say,
Discloses.

ANECDOTE.

A FEW years since, three Irishmen landed at New-London directly from the sod. They went to a tavern & called for dinner. The landlord having dined, he informed them they had no victuals prepared but apple dumplings; which were accordingly set before the Patties. One says to the other, what kind of meat is this? I never saw such meat set before any body in Ireland. 'Arrab, by my shoul,' says one of them, 'I'll soon tell you what it is.' Taking one of the dumplings in his hand and throwing it under the table to a large dog that instantly swallowed it. The heat in the apple severely burnt the poor dog's throat. The animal opens his mouth, down with his nose on the floor and began pawing in his mouth with both his feet. 'There by St. Patrick,' says the Irishman, 'it is a Dog's Yawp, see how he plays on it.'

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS.

Wholesale and retail Jewellers & Watchmakers 137 William and 441 Pearl-streets, have received by the late arrivals from London and Liverpool, an extensive assortment of plated ware, consisting of the following articles.

Superb round, oval and oblong tea and coffee urns with legs and lamp.

Do. do. do. tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, in complete sets to match.

Rich cut glass castors and liquor frames.

Oval and oblong cake baskets.

Candlesticks and brackets, newest fashion with silver gadroons.

Chamber candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers.

Elegant three light branches.

Snuffer and snuffer trays.

Fish knives, toast trays, inkstands, salts.

Wine-strainers, wax-winders with tapers.

Soup ladles, knife rests, sugar tongs.

Mustard spoons, &c.

A few sets superb double plated and silver edged oblong soup and sauce tureens with dishes.

Egg boilers for 6 eggs, with lamp and stand.

Oblong rich cut glass epergnes with engraved leafage, and a variety of other articles of the best plate, silver edged and fashionable patterns.

Also—an assortment of single plated Birmingham tea and coffee urns, tea pots, sugar basons and cream ewers, castors, candlesticks, brackets, &c &c elegant patterns.

JEWELLERY.

Elegant pearl set brooches, pins ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelet clasps, mourning rings and brooches, watch chains, seals and keys, &c.

They have also received a beautiful collection of gilt ornaments for the head, elegantly set with imitation pearl, topaze, emerald, amethyst and cornelian, very cheap.

A great variety of richly ornamented dress combs, gold and silver epaulets, trimmings for ladies dresses, spangles, coral beads, buttons, &c.

Repeating, horizontal and L'Epine gold watches—silver, single and double case do.

A constant supply of the inimitable Venus tooth powder.

Spanish segars of the first quality in boxes of 250 to 1000.

Stollenwerck & Brothers continue to manufacture and have constantly on hand, gold and silver work of every description, wholesale and retail.

The strictest attention paid to the repairing of watches of every construction.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWBR, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarrows, and Cordovan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or pattern. He will wait on any gentleman at his place or abode to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—4m

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millinery business.

November 13.

926—1f

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyonette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs.

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 3, 1807

ly

ROBERT HAYWARD,

No. 22 BEEKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, Flour, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description, wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thankfully received and immediately attended to.

An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on hand.

Old Blinds repaired and painted.

December 13.

930—6m

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 15 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,
No. 3 PECK SLIP.